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STEVE MC CUTCHEN, MAC'S FOTO SERVICE

ONION-SHAPED church domes at Kodiak remind Alaska of its Russian beginnings

- ALASKA—Fabulous 49th
- Animals Roam 'The Big Land'
- Statehood Heralds New Era
- Hawaii—Number 50?
- Nation Honors Theodore Roosevelt

NEXT WEEK—Stories on modern Peru, world-wide trade fairs, Africa's Lake Victoria, the Black Hills.

UMI

(See salmon fleet, below, and king crab, next page.) Our waters are full of salmon, halibut, herring, and crab—those are the most important—and there are sablefish, clams, shrimp, and cod, too.

But fishing only brings in part of our money. We've always been a big mining country. I heard the other day that more than a billion dollars in minerals have been taken out since the U. S. bought Alaska from Russia for $7,200,000. And we've just started. Why there's oil on Kenai Peninsula south of Anchorage and there's uranium and there's iron to go with our coal. We'll have steel plants one of these days. That's besides the old standbys like gold, platinum, chrome, copper, and silver.

Don't forget furs, either. The Russians came here in the first place looking for fur, and Eskimos in the Far North still live by trapping. There's seal, silver fox, mink, beaver, and muskrat, and if you'd ever walked a winter trap line in the north country, you'd know why a fur coat costs so much.

To understand us Alaskans and Alaska, though, you've got to get fixed in your mind how we're situated. Now watch this stick and I'll play schoolteacher. I'll draw a straight line here in the dirt and we'll call it the Arctic Circle. About a third of Alaska is this rough rectangle

U. S. COAST GUARD

ESKIMOS at Nome bounce a comrade in the air at July 4th fete. The 49-star U. S. flag will fly next Independence Day.

W. ROBERT MOORE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

UMI

An Old Sourdough Looks at His Alaska

W. ROBERT MOORE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

HIS EYES borrowed the blue of glaciers, and subarctic ooze caked his boots. Longies protruded beyond rolled shirt sleeves, and Dan McGrew could have donated the galluses. A three-day salt-and-pepper stubble grizzled his face, strangely softened—rather than pinched—by the prolonged cold of many Alaskan winters. Tilting his battered hat against the summer sun he picked up a stick to draw in the dirt and anyone who knew the old sourdough could tell a talking jag was coming.

YEP, the North bit me long ago, and I guess I'll always be a bush rat. Sourdough sounds better, but lately any young squirt who came up here before the Japanese scrap has been calling himself a sourdough. The fellows I'm talking about, we got off the boat in '98 without an overcoat and swept the saloon floor for our first meal. We were something new! They even put up a statue to us down in Sitka (left).

At first we were cheechakos—tenderfeet—like anyone else. We poured through like crazy men on the way to the Yukon, where we thought we could scoop up gold by the handful. That bank-clerk fellow—Bob Service—wrote about us bein' "In a stark, dead world, clean mad for the muck called gold." We were that, I guess; it was easy come, easy go. We used gold dust instead of money and poured out three dollars' worth for a single egg. Lots of dust changed hands when we watched the Eskimos and their blanket-toss contest (below).

Those of us who stayed, we grew out of that foolishness. We picked up the trick of carrying a bit of sour dough, or leavening, to start a new batch of bread at the next camp. That's why they call us sourdoughs. We learned you have to work hard and stick to it to make a go in a raw, new country like this. Oh, we're sold on Alaska. But we don't figure any more to make a fortune before breakfast—and likely spend it before lunch.

Take this statehood business, for instance. I favor it and I figure we're overdue for it. But I knew it had to come slow because we're a *big* country and there's still only a dipperful of people up here. We're one-fifth the size of all the other 48 States put together, but we've got fewer folks than Providence, Rhode Island. Texas could wobble around inside Alaska like a nugget in a gold pan, and everybody knows how big Texas is.

Because there's so few of us, Alaska's not really developed yet—we've only been able to scratch the surface. But man! the things we have done. . . . You might not realize that lots of us prospectors who came up here fifty years back ended up mining the rivers and the ocean—for fish. Fishing is the big thing—our main natural industry.

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be out near Los Angeles, California, and the northernmost point, up here at Point Barrow, would be plumb up at the top of Minnesota on the Canadian border. You think how different those three states I just mentioned are and maybe you can understand why there's so much variety up here in Alaska.

One other thing people sometimes forget is this. Look back here at this map I scribbled. See Seward Peninsula on the west side of Alaska, right here below the Arctic Circle? Well, over here this point of land to the west is Siberia, only 50 miles away. Makes you nervous just to think of it. That explains why we have so many people in uniform up here. I imagine Ivan is worried, too. Statehood for Alaska puts the United States awful close to Russia's back door. I sometimes think the Russians are sorry their ancestors gave up on Alaska and sold us the whole shebang. Nobody paid much attention to this part of the world then.

They tell me the federal government owns 99 percent of our land. But Alaska's new state government will get a fourth of that federal land. The old West was settled by folks who took free land under the Homestead Act. We figure to promote the same thing up here.

Then too, we'll try to get more industry by selling this state land or leasing it to folks who look like they mean business.

But you be sure and take a good look at a real map the first chance you get. You'll see why we depend so much on ships and boats to carry our people and our freight. And lately, more and more people are usin' airplanes. Why, lots of our folks use a pontoon plane the same as you'd use a station wagon. And we've got big cargo planes—flyin' boxcars they call 'em—that carry everything from hairpins to bulldozers from one end of Alaska to the other. Mighty few railroads up here.

There aren't many roads, either, but with the Alaska Highway you can drive from any place in the U. S. through Canada to Haines, Fairbanks, Anchorage, Seward, or Valdez.

Now, let's see if all this jawing has told you anything about Alaska. It's a big place with mighty few people. Lots of resources now but hardly anything compared to what's waiting here untouched.

Feel that nip in the air? While we've been talkin' I've seen four bass jump in that little cove over there. Maybe you can waste the whole day gossiping, but I've got an appointment with at least one of those fish. Forget the facts and figures if you want to, but remember that Alaska has about the best fishin' there is. We have fun up here, too. R.T.C.

FERTILE farmlands in Matanuska Valley supply dairy products to nearby Anchorage

GEORGE E. ALLEN

UMI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. ROBERT MOORE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

Alaska at a Glance

Size—The forty-ninth—and largest—state is about one fifth the size of the other 48 put together. With 586,400 square miles, it is more than twice as big as Texas.

People—Total population numbers about 206,000. Of these, 51,000 are military personnel or their dependents, leaving 164,000 "permanent" Alaskans. About 30,000 are Eskimos, Indians, and Aleuts. Population has almost tripled since 1940. Average age: 26.

Production—Fishing is the main industry. Gold rushes are things of the past but each year Alaska digs gold worth more than the $7,200,000 the United States originally paid Russia for the territory.

See also—*National Geographic Magazine*, June 1956 (out of print); August, 1954 (bears) $1; January, 1954 (Eskimos) $1; August, 1953 (wildlife) $1. Ten-color wall map, $1.

above the circle. The mountains are steep as house fronts, and in the winter it's cold enough to freeze a duck's eyelids.

Then below the circle this larger rectangle, with knuckles on the west side, is the part of the country most folks are talking about when they say "Alaska." Our main towns are in this section. They've got neon signs and supermarkets (above) just like New York. There's Anchorage on the south coast and Fairbanks up here in the middle.

So far Alaska looks like a pretty compact piece of land, but let's finish this map off. Out here the Aleutian Islands sweep to the west about 1,000 miles from the mainland to Attu, the last island. And down here to the southeast stretches the panhandle—500 miles of islands and coastal mountains. It looks like it ought to be the coast of Canada, but it's not. It's part of Alaska, and it reaches to within 600 miles of Seattle, Washington.

So you see there's a lot to Alaska. If you put the lower end of the panhandle over Savannah, Georgia, Attu would

Conservation Lesson

ADOLPH MURIE

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER JOSEPH BAYLOR ROBERTS; BELOW, WARREN F. STEENBURGH

to spawn (left). On a single trip to the river a bear may stow away six or eight salmon with an average weight of four pounds.

Foxes in five color varieties—red, white, blue, black, and cross—roam Alaska. The red fox (above) is most abundant.

The Pribilof Islands fur seals (upper right) offer a classic example of the advantages of conservation. Forty-seven years ago the seals were in grave danger. Ruthlessly killed since Russian days, they numbered only 150,000 when the United States, Russia, Japan, and Canada agreed on a program to save them. Now careful harvesting of unmated males produces some 65,000 skins a year without decreasing the herd—which totals 1,500,000.

The Alaska moose, largest member of the deer family, carries antlers six feet across (right). Half a century ago unrestricted hunting threatened to wipe out these animals, too. Under recent protection, however, their numbers have increased. F.S.

UMI

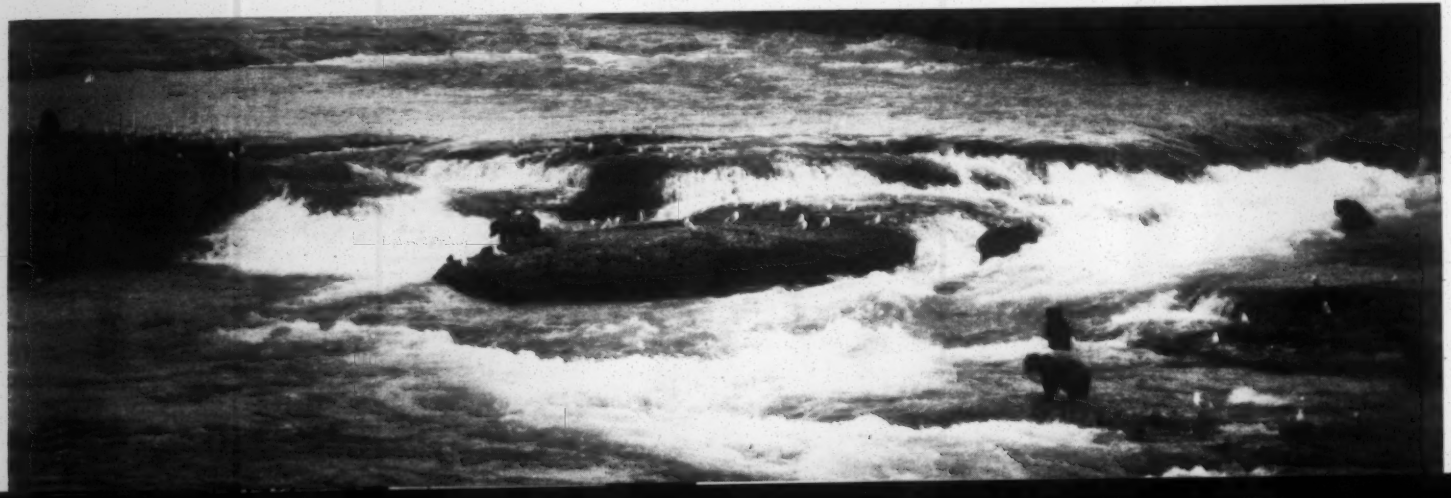
ADOLPH MURIE; BELOW, DICK CHACE, U. S. FISH & WILDLIFE SERVICE

Alaskan Wildlife Teaches C

ANIMALS lured the first white men to Alaska. Russian discoverers coveted the rich pelts of seal and sea otter. American, Spanish, and English adventurers "helped" them in a slaughter that almost extinguished the source forever.

Although many Alaskans still depend on fur for income, its importance has waned with the growth of other opportunities. More and more, pressure from zooming human population drives the animals back.

Hunters fly to remote areas to stalk such game animals as mountain sheep (left). The brown bear, world's largest meat-eating land animal, is another prized trophy. Matchlessly strong, but afraid of men, the bears fish for their supper when the salmon run upstream



W. ROBERT MOORE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

HAWAII Statehood for Pacific Islands?

THE UNITED STATES is likely to look halfway across the Pacific for its 50th State.

Hawaii's verdant shores lie some 2,300 miles southwest of the California coast. Superimposed on the United States the scattered islands would reach from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountains.

A score of volcanoes pushed their rugged tops out of the Pacific to form the chain. On the eight largest islands jagged peaks loom over tropical lowlands lush with sugar cane, hibiscus, pineapples, coconut palms, and bird of paradise flowers (above). Mark Twain called Hawaii the "loveliest fleet of islands that lie anchored in any ocean."

The islands' land area surpasses that of Rhode Island, Delaware, or Connecticut, and is still growing. Two active volcanoes spout lava to enlarge Hawaii Island, biggest of the group. With 584,000 persons, the territory holds more than twice as many as Alaska. Honolulu, hub of the Pacific, sprawls on Oahu, the central and most populous island.

Sugar is the largest industry and leading export. Pineapples hold second place; four-fifths of the pineapples in world trade come from the islands.

Much of what Hawaiians eat and buy for their families comes by ship from the mainland. In fact, Hawaii originally imported everything except the climate and the scenery. Pineapples came from Jamaica; sugar cane from Tahiti. The grass skirt is a 19th century import from Samoa and is now made in New Jersey.

Hawaii says "Aloha" to thousands of tourists. Visitors swim off Honolulu's Waikiki Beach or gaze at Mauna Loa's lava slopes. Others simply luxuriate under balmy skies and gentle breezes.

The first Hawaiians were Polynesians who migrated in sailing canoes from Tahiti, 2,500 miles away. Not until 1778 was Hawaii known to the Western World.

Queen Liliuokalani, who wrote the song *Aloha Oe*, was the last Hawaiian monarch. In 1899, at Hawaii's request, the United States annexed the islands.

Persistent Hawaii has tried for statehood 23 times since 1903. It hopes that next year the 24th effort will succeed. E.S.

UMI

New State Fashions Its Future

OLD SOURDOUGHS and young pioneers alike whooped and hollered around a blazing bonfire in Anchorage the moment word flashed that the U. S. Congress had passed a law permitting Alaskan statehood.

The fire was fed a ton of wood for every state in the Union plus one ton for good measure for the Territory of Hawaii. Its flames signaled the entry of the first new state since Arizona and New Mexico turned the trick in 1912. Other "youthful" states are Oklahoma (1907), Utah (1896), Idaho and Wyoming (1890), North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington (1889).

The territory's citizens lost no time accepting Congress's invitation. Fired by the enthusiasm of banner-waving sidewalk electioneers they went to the polls in August to cast their vote 5 to 1 in favor of the terms for statehood, even though they knew a *Yes* vote would bring increased taxes.

For they were convinced that although they might have to dig deeper at tax time, they stood to benefit in other ways. Federal grants of money will help Alaska like other states. Alaskan goods can now move over Canadian railways as well as in U. S.-owned ships. Best of all, the new state will gain the right to lease much of its oil and mineral-bearing land to private industry, thereby encourage its own economic development.

In the next three months, Alaska will find her voice as a self-governing state.

THOMAS J. ABERCROMBIE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

On November 25, Alaskans will go to the polls once again, this time to choose their first elected governor, two senators, and one representative. Their ballots will also fill the 20 seats in the State Senate, 40 seats in the State House of Representatives. In Washington, the Senate must find room for 98 instead of 96 Senators; the House a spot for its 436th Representative. In December President Eisenhower is scheduled to proclaim ice-thatched Alaska the Nation's 49th State.

When can you expect to see a flag with 49 stars? Next July 4th. A law of 1818 directs that the flag shall be changed on the first Independence Day following a new state's entry into the Union. A.P.M.

former badmen from his beloved open spaces. Later, in Cuba, he electrified his countrymen by the charge up San Juan Hill. Idolizing New Yorkers made him their governor. Republicans in 1900 ran him for Vice-President on McKinley's ticket. Six months after their victory, McKinley's assassination made Roosevelt President. He was 42 years old, youngest the nation has ever had.

Through two terms in the White House, as through his growing-up, right and wrong obsessed him. He lashed at once-pampered monopolies. He forced arbitration of a deadlocked miners' strike by threatening to send soldiers to dig coal.

The nation buoyantly crackled with the quality its leader radiated—*action*. On the heels of a French failure he started digging the Panama Canal, and took over the controls of a steam shovel himself (below).

Milestones piled; the Pacific cable was completed; the Wright brothers soared the first powered plane; Oklahoma joined the Union; model-T automobiles revolutionized road travel; a pure food and drug act thwarted abominable abuses; the United States Forest Service was created—a thing near T.R.'s heart.

Meanwhile the man didn't change. In the White House he battled his sons with pillows, shouting "bully, bully." He pitted his judo skill against experts, boxed with his aides, galloped through Washington's Rock Creek Park.

Europe, in that era, seemed distant to most Americans; the Orient another world. The nation reposed in "splendid isolation." But T.R. grew concerned about Japan, tingling from its successful war with Russia. Roosevelt himself had mediated that conflict, winning the Nobel Peace Prize. Tiltings of the balance of power in Europe also disturbed him.

He sent the Great White Fleet of 16 bristling ships around the world, steaming notice to an impressed world that the United States had a big stick.

His friend and successor William Howard Taft had hardly warmed the chair before T.R. was off for big game in British East Africa. He brought home more specimens than museums could hold. And tales to tell. Hear one: his party roused a lion, holding it at bay until African spearmen formed a ring about the beast. Roosevelt wrote in the National Geographic Magazine:

"It was a fine sight to see these men make the ring, with their spears and their eager, intent faces, and the great, murderous, man-eating beast in the middle, ever growing more and more angry. The lion charged . . . The man in front braced himself; we could see his muscles all stand out as if he were a bronze statue.

"From each side the two or three nearest men sprang in to see if they could get the lion as he came. When he was about six feet from him the man lobbed the spear; simply cast it loose with a little motion of the wrist and trusted to the weight of the spear to go in. As the lion came forward the spear struck him on the

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

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A Roosevelt's Strenuous Life

NOW, a century after his birth on October 27, 1858, his words still echo: "Speak softly and carry a big stick" . . . "I do not like to see young Christians with shoulders that slope like a champagne bottle" . . . "Our nation is that one among all the nations of the earth which holds in its hands the fate of the coming years."

He loved excitement, and created abundance; he preached the "strenuous life" and more vigorously practiced it. Such was Theodore Roosevelt, the unresting "T.R." of African hunt and Western range, foremost proof that a weak-bodied boy can be a strong-bodied man, and more—President of the United States.

His family called him "Teedie" as a child in their five-story home of ease in New York. They worried over his poor eyesight, asthma, and frailness. Said his father: "You have the mind but not the body . . . You must make your body. It is hard drudgery."

They built a gymnasium and Teedie pounded punching bags, gyrated on horizontal bars. With equal passion, he studied birds, butterflies, the ways of trees and winds. He read assiduously of men "who could hold their own in the world." After private tutoring here and abroad, he entered Harvard, boxed with college mates, earned the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key.

Widespread skulduggery in government stung him. At 23 he sat in the New York Assembly, tilting with corruptionists, seeing his name in approving headlines—and winning his seat twice over. In 1884, death of his wife drove him grief-ridden to the Little Missouri River of North Dakota, a frontier where his better body used every sinew to manage cattle ranches. Dakotans long recalled the outthrust chin and daring eyes of the society Easterner turned deputy under Sheriff "Hell-Roaring Bill" Jones. But public duty back East pulled like a bridle rein.

As United States Civil Service Commissioner in Washington, Roosevelt lashed at "spoils system" appointments-by-influence. As president of New York City's police board, he throttled the buying of police promotions.

Later, when Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he cried for ships, and more ships. He urged sharper watch on Spain as she shuttled troops to Cuba to suppress freedom movements in the tyrannized island. T.R. advocated: throw Spain out. Millions agreed. Their anger exploded when the U. S. Battleship *Maine* blew up in Havana harbor on February 15, 1898, killing 266 men.

Before war was five days old, Roosevelt ordered a lieutenant colonel's uniform, some spare spectacles for the still-ailing eyes, and a pair of horses. He built the Rough Riders from ex-cowhands, fashionable polo players, Ivy League boys, and

Badlands Adventures Shaped T. R.'s Career

left shoulder . . . The lion reared and bore the shield down, burying his teeth and claws in the man. Another man leaped in and threw his spear; the spearhead glimmered like white fire in the sunlight. Another spear struck the lion, and he went down; he took one spear in his mouth and bit it, twisting it like a horseshoe; the next moment the men were on him and it was all over."

New York roared his welcome home in June, 1910. Politics re-engulfed him. National and party problems shattered his relationship with Taft and, in 1912, he tried again for the Presidency on the "Bull Moose" ticket (so named because he proclaimed himself "strong as a bull moose"). The cleavage split the Republican vote and sent Woodrow Wilson to the White House. Roosevelt's public life was ended.

The call of the wild so deep in his nature sent him in 1914 to explore the River of Doubt (now Roosevelt River) in Brazil. Because T.R. wanted "to be a boy" one last time he plunged where maps then told nothing. But he was no boy, in body, after all. Jungle disease and infernal weather wasted 55 pounds from the muscle built by the "hard drudgery" his father long ago had prescribed. So the body wore, but never rusted. Stoutly the spirit still cried for action.

When World War I exploded, T.R. unavailingly begged to recruit a division of fighters. Four sons told him goodbye. One, Quentin, 21, fell. Out of profound introspection, the father answered his anguish: "Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die . . ."

Americans piled his failing years with letters of homage. When he died on January 6, 1919, men saw the passing of a statesman, the end of an era . . . the trooping of a restless boy's spirit back to the fields and rivers. S.H.

THOMAS J. ABERCROMBIE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

A COWBOY explores the tumbled terrain of Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park, North Dakota. Here the 26th president came as a sad, broken young man to throw himself into the "strenuous life." He became proprietor of two ranches, and worked beside his hired hands in the roundup. Although he lost money in the venture he found himself. Skills, stamina, and leadership developed here flowered at San Juan Hill to make him a popular hero and spark his rise to the Presidency. Roosevelt remarked later, "I would not have been President had it not been for my experiences in North Dakota." The memorial park includes his former ranches.

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